

MISSOURI NEWS

Missouri Taxed on \$1,546,843.563.

Jefferson City.—Missouri's taxable wealth is \$1,546,843,563, taking the figures that have been passed upon estimating the corporation values very carefully. The exact figures on corporation property assessed by the state board of equalization will not be available for several weeks, but the figures given above are very close to the correct figure.

The increase this year on corporation property is estimated by the state auditor at \$6,000,000. The corporations were assessed last year at \$1,633,843,563. Most of the increase will fall upon steam railroads.

Real estate valuation is fixed at \$1,059,345,946 and personal property at \$318,014,746.

It is claimed that much Missouri revenue is lost because of personal property being withheld from taxation and the total of money, notes and bonds returned to the assessors is but \$87,304,183, seemingly bearing out the assertion. The banks are valued at \$70,219,165.

Town lots as well as agricultural land is taken in the real estate valuation. There are 42,633,375 acres of land in Missouri aside from city and town lots, valued at \$419,674,735. The agricultural land is worth on an average of \$9 an acre, and the town lots average \$90 each for taxable purposes.

A strange discrepancy in the valuations is that all classes of property except money, notes and negotiable securities are listed at from 15 to 75 per cent of their actual value, while these three are listed at their face valuation.

The assessors here give the live stock population of the state, classifying them according to their social condition.

Horses, number of,	856,139,329,854,191
Mules,	264,139
Asses and Jennets,	9,701
Cattle,	2,081,541
Sheep,	1,085,118
Hogs,	2,599,006
All other live stock (goats)	27,068

The corporation assessment was divided as follows: Railroads, \$115,857,413; street railways, \$34,344,660; private cars, \$357,975; bridges, 4,711,500; telegraph companies, \$2,558,408; telephone companies, \$5,652,294, making a total of \$163,482,871.

Claude Brooks is Hanged. Kansas City.—Claude Brooks, aged 21, a negro, was hanged here for the murder of Sidney Herndon, a well-to-do real estate owner, formerly of Tyler, Tex., here, January 13, 1908. Herndon, a defenseless cripple, was killed in his room in a downtown apartment. His skull was crushed with a hammer, which was found lying near by. The murderer had stolen Herndon's pocketbook. Brooks, who was employed by Herndon as an elevator boy, had been befriended by the man he killed. The negro confessed.

Passenger Engine Burns on Track. Springfield.—Engine No. 442, an oil-burner, attached to a Frisco passenger train, burned up at Nichols Junction, four miles west of here. J. Brown, the engineer, had the fireman uncouple the locomotive from the train, and ran it far enough away so that no damage was done to the train. No one was injured.

Lightning Kills Missouri Farmer. Higginsville.—M. Bergmann, a wealthy farmer living ten miles southeast of here, was killed by a bolt of lightning while stacking hay. When the storm came up Mr. Bergmann remained on top of the stack, his hired man and a dog taking refuge under a load of hay beside the stack. The bolt that killed Mr. Bergmann also killed the dog and set fire to the hay. The hired man was only slightly stunned and succeeded in pulling Bergmann from the stack in time to prevent his cremation.

Gets Job; Meets Death. Joplin.—Struck by a big interurban car on the Joplin and Pittsburg electric line, Fred Longton, 16 years old, who had just secured employment at a West Joplin mine, was instantly killed. Longton was headed for dinner and was to have been back to work in the afternoon. He heard a train passing on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas track, which parallels the trolley line, and as he glanced up the street the car struck him.

Killed by Rolling Log. Montgomery City.—Fannie Church, aged 6, was killed and her little playmate, Rebeckah Dyer, injured while playing on a large log near Apex. The girls mounted a log on a hillside. It rolled and caught the Church girl, crushing out her life, and also spraining an ankle of the Dyer girl.

Ninety-six and III for First Time. Maryville.—William Huls, 96 years old, of Maryville, the oldest resident of Nodaway county in point of years, for the first time in his life is attended by a physician. Huls uses tobacco and has been a user of stimulants in limited quantities all his life.

Prison Breaker is Paroled. Jefferson City.—Nate Bliss, convicted in Buchanan county in 1904 of forgery and sentenced to the penitentiary for five years, was released on a parole, issued by Governor Hadley.

Completes Appeal in Fare Case. Jefferson City.—Attorney General Major and Special Counsel Fred W. Lehmann and Sanford B. Laad, completed their assignment of errors in the appeals on behalf of the state from the decision of the federal court at Kansas City in the maximum freight rate and passenger fare laws.

Girl is Burned to Death. Hannibal.—Alma, the 16-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Elgin, while kindling a bonfire with papers, was fatally burned.

A CHERRY-BUD IN A FOREIGN HAND

A Japanese Love Story
By Adachi Kinnozu

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Westward from the Cascade of Nunobiki, through the ever-shifting tracery-work of pines and wild azaleas, you can see, if you would climb a quarter of a mile, on a spring day, a stretch of land that looks more like a dream than the actual solid footstool of God.

That was her home; there we saw her. Her environment was common—her dress, her cottage, the people about her,—yes, the people especially. But all these common things, because of her, seemed to me as if I saw them on the canvas of Millet or Rembrandt. She was a part of the landscape, and if we say of the ensemble that it is just like a picture, I do not know whether the Higher Artist would take it as a compliment or not.

Describe her? Better ask me to portray a dream. Her lips? Oh!—one folds his hands on his left side when he speaks of them.

Not satisfied with her success in this, her fair masterpiece, Nature placed her in the rustic surrounding to lighten all the charms of the girl through the touch of that potent magician called surprise. Yes, candidly, I was surprised, and so was Mr. Sidney White, who was with me. Mr. White is an American who has spent more years of his life in Paris and abroad than under the roof of his mother. He was an artist—an artist who, as he confided to me once, was trying his best to fall as much in love with a woman as he was with Art. Take my word for it, he had that something that goes into the making of a true artist, that all-absorbing something which made him by turns a fool and a god; he had that idolatrous adoration for the beautiful; that contempt of everything common. In order to picture his meeting with the girl, you must fancy an artist facing Art made flesh and

beat in a woman's heart. In addition to this, you must take into account that poignant sense of surprise as keen as that of a man who finds a diamond in the dirt.

O Tome was her name. O Tome became an object of study to Sidney. Then, a short time afterwards, the object of study—not only artistic but also—From the very start O Tome was a thing of beauty to him, and in the course of time a joy forever as well. When, therefore, about a month afterwards I went up to his studio I was not surprised to see it converted into a huge multifaceted mirror of O Tome—every pose of her figure, every expression of her features, the innumerable bleedings of her many moods, were caught in all the conceivable cunning of colors.

"Am I really as pretty as that, White-san?"

"Very, very much more beautiful, mademoiselle!"

"And my hair—and oh, but my eyes, are they softly dreaming as they are yonder?"

"That? Why, that is nothing but a shadow; that is nothing but a picture, like a picture on a temple wall,—a picture of a goddess, you know. One can look at a picture, not the goddess—the original is too dazzling!"

O Tome, who was not sure whether she understood this poetic ambiguity of the artist, smiled as if to say, "The best thing I can do for you is to pretend that I believe all that you say."

"But, really, White-san, does your humble maid please her master, then?"

"Hush, sweet one; you shon't! I rather say that your slave worships his ideal!"

"What do you think I have found now, old man?" he asked me one day as he burst into my den. Dropping my brush at the suddenness of his entry and interrogation, I answered: "Hello! you? Why, I have not the slightest idea."

"Well, she is not a beautiful study, but she is as bright as a Buddha's eyes—I mean her mind. You ought to come and see her."

Yes, I found out that she had learned many an English word.

"Say the first sentence I taught you for us, O Tome-san," White said in Japanese.

Then the olive velvet of her cheeks became a warmer color, and a smile made her lips like an opening bud. Then slowly she said,—

"I—love—you—Sidney."

The last syllable was in the merry ring of her laughter.

I saw him often teaching her English and French. In those happy hours he looked like a male mother mad with ecstasy over the first faltering words of his baby. He was very proud of her; and day by day she rewarded him with the discovery of the hidden treasures of her simple heart.

Twice winter chained water; twice spring set it free and gave it songs; twice chrysanthemums decked their little garden; and they fanned away two summers. They were too much in love to think of marriage—if that were possible.

Those were happy days for him—for her.

Then there came a little piece of paper into that studio—to that nest, to speak more correctly, of Art and a couple of spring buds. Upon that paper was a message that came from the other side of the world. Since the receipt of it Sidney White was never the same man. And poor O Tome only wondered. It was rude, to her Japanese way of thinking, to ask many things of a man, and then, if he loved her, he would tell her all she ought to know without her ever asking. So she was silent—sad, because he was sad.

"Come with me, O Tome-san," he said to her one morning.

"Where are we going?"

"I have found a nest for you. And I want to see if you like it or not."

And they walked up the hill side of Kobe City.

"You see, sweetheart," he explained to her, "I have always thought that you would like to have a cottage all your own. And I think I've found it. We'll furnish it as you like, and there you can do whatever you want. I will come and see you there very often, and we won't be bothered with people who come to my studio; for I am going to keep my studio as it is."

They saw the cottage, whose veranda laughed full-mouthed towards the entrance of the famous inland Sea of Japan.

O Tome was delighted with it. It was arranged that everything would be put in order within a week, and at the end of that time O Tome was to move into it.

"But why don't you move your studio, too?" I miss the pictures so much," she said to him.

"Oh, sweetheart, you will have all the pictures you want. You see, I don't want any of my studio friends bothering us at the cottage."

It was about seventeen days since Sidney White received a cablegram stating that his parents would bring out his wife with them to join him in Japan, where he seemed to be making such a prolonged study. Sidney expected them seven days ahead. O Tome was to move to her new cottage four days hence.

She could speak English fluently now, and nothing charmed the artist as the honey words from her lips. Her head nesting in his breast, her left arm around his neck, and the fingers of her right hand going astray in the maze of his hair, making the long, wavy locks ripple like the golden surface of a sunlit sea, she was murmuring:

"Dear, you have such pretty hair; it's like the halos of saints you paint."

There was the sound of many steps in the hall. The housemaid never allowed anyone to enter the studio without seeing if the artist were ready to receive a visitor. But this time the steps came steadily towards the door of the studio. Just as O Tome leaped out of the lap of Sidney the door flew open.

There was a vigorous swish of a skirt.

"Sidney!" exclaimed a stronger voice than the dreamy melody of O Tome's throat. And he was lost behind the flutter and whirl of foreign millinery. A resounding kiss.

"Great Heaven, Kate!" gasped a husky voice.

"A surly old party, my boy!" shouted his father in the doorway. "We did surprise you!—ha! ha! ha!"

Mrs. White released him at last. She turned round to signal the old people to follow her example. The slim figure of O Tome stopped her eyes. At once they flashed back at Sidney and found him ashy, all in a tremor. Something hard entered the blue of her laughing eyes.

"Pray, who is that, Sidney?" Her voice sounded like the breaking of an icicle.

Sidney was a human flame in an instant. He stammered.

"Husband, for Heaven's sake—" cried the lady, and then, turning to O Tome roughly: "Who are you?"

"I am just his model, madam," she said quickly in English with her head down. Mr. White wanted to paint me."

She walked out noiselessly.

That was the last time Sidney White saw O Tome. Yes, he is hunting for her now—ever hunting. But I think he would find an insane asylum long before he would find O Tome.

No Atonement to the Dead. There is no more pitiable being in the world than a man who, really loving, or really believing that he loved, yet inflicted upon the living—perhaps in the fire of anger, or perhaps in the froth of thoughtlessness—that for which he cannot ask the pardon of the dead. The hurt may have been slight, if you choose to call it so, but it takes on a mortal character, in the retrospect. There was a duel of natures or a war of words; there was an hour stained with red which has dyed the memory through and through; they who loved became as they who hated—and wounds slanted where carresses had been; and perhaps the dead forgot, but the living, God pity him! remembers.—Harper's Bazar.

Army Movable Kitchens. Two thousand movable kitchens have been ordered for the Austrian army. Each kitchen consists of a four-wheeled vehicle drawn by two horses and weighing about half a ton. The equipment of each includes four coppers, an oven, cupboards, tables, and various other facilities for cooking in the field.

A SURE SIGN.

When it Appears Act at Once.

Trouble with the kidney secretions is a certain sign that your kidneys are deranged and that you should use Doan's Kidney Pills. They cure all irregularities and annoyances, remove backache and side pains and restore the kidneys to health.



Charles Cole, 204 N. Buckeye St., Iowa, Kan., says: "The kidney secretions were irregular, scanty and painful and contained sediment. My back was stiff and lame and my limbs swelled. I grew weak and discouraged. Doan's Kidney Pills removed these troubles entirely. I have been well for two years."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HONORS WERE WITH FARMER

Mail Carrier Must Have Realized That He Picked Out Wrong Man to Have Fun With.

The new mail carrier on the rural free delivery route glanced at the name on the letter box by the roadside, stopped his horse, and spoke to the roughly attired farmer with the old slouch hat, who was resting his sun-browned arms on the gate and looking at him.

"I see," he said, "your name is Holmes."

"Yes."

"Beverly G.?"

"Yes, I'm the man that lives here."

"Any relation of Sherlock Holmes?" gravely asked the carrier.

"No, sir," answered the farmer, "but I'm detective enough to know that you're not a very good judge of human nature. You took me for an ignoramus because I've got my old working duds on. I'm Sherlock Holmes enough to look at a man's face and eyes before I size him up as a—Some mail for me? Thanks."—Youth's Companion.

ITCHED FOR TWELVE YEARS.

Eczema Made Hands and Feet Swell, Peel and Get Raw—Arms Affected, Too—Gave Up All Hope of Cure.

Quickly Cured by Cuticura.

"I suffered from eczema on my hands, arms and feet for about twelve years, my hands and feet would swell, sweat and itch, then would become callous and get very dry, then peel off and get raw. I tried most every kind of salve and ointment without success. I tried several doctors, but at last gave up thinking there was a cure for eczema. A friend of mine insisted on my trying the Cuticura Remedies, but I did not give them a trial until I got so bad that I had to do something. I secured a set and by the time they were used I could see a vast improvement and my hands and feet were healed up in no time. I have had no trouble since. Charles T. Bauer, Volant, Pa., Mar. 11, 1908."

THE WATER BITE.

He was six years old and had never gazed into the mystic lens of a microscope. Several slides containing animalcula had been displayed to his astonished vision. He was too amazed to make any comment until he came to one slide that seemed more wriggly than any of the others. It was merely a drop of water.

The little fellow gazed at it a long time, with all its nimble particles of animal life, and finally exclaimed to his mother:

"Oh, mamma, now I know what it is that bites you when you drink soda water."

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-ESSE.

It is the only relief for Swollen Smarting, Tired, Aching, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Esse, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Cures while you walk. At all Drug-gists and Shoe Stores. Do not accept any substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

STYLE'S FREAKISHNESS.

"I want to be dressed in the height of fashion," said Mr. Suddenroll.

"I'll see to it that your clothes fit you perfectly," replied the tailor.

"But that's what I'm in doubt about. Is it fashionable just now to have your clothes fit?"

LIMIT TO CORK'S BUOYANCY.

A cork carried 200 feet below the surface of the water will not rise again.

HE DESERVES NO SYMPATHY.

It is merely a waste of time to pity a man who is being made a fool of by a pretty woman.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.

Undertake deliberately, but having begun, persevere.—Wren.

Lewis' Single Binder gives the smoker what he wants, a rich, mellow-tasting cigar.

He's a stingy man who will not give you a smile.

\$100000

SOLID GOLD & SILVER AWARD
For the Best Ear of Corn
To be Known as the *N.K. Kellogg* National Corn Trophy
To be Awarded at the
National Corn Exposition, Omaha, December 6 to 18, 1909.

Over one hundred thousand million (100,000,000,000) ears of corn were grown in the United States last year. Over a billion dollars were paid for them. More than a million and a quarter extra dollars went into the pockets of the farmers for corn this year than they received for the previous year's crop. The reason for this may be found in the fact that the people of the United States are beginning to learn how delicious corn is and to realize its full food value.

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes has placed corn among the indispensable items of daily fare. The makers, therefore, are interested in the development of the King of Cereals, and have decided to award a beautiful trophy for the man, woman or child who can produce the best ear of corn in two different seasons.

Professor Holden, of the Iowa State College, the greatest authority on corn in the world, will award the prize at the National Corn Exposition, to be held at Omaha, Neb., December 6th to 18th, 1909. Two single prizes will govern, the plan, and they are—that you send your best ear of corn to the National Corn Exposition, Omaha, Neb., before November 27, 1909; and that you are a member of the National Corn Association. Full particulars regarding which can be had by writing to National Corn Exposition, Omaha, Neb. It is a tag securely to your specimen and word it. For the Kellogg's Trophy Contest, and write your name and address plainly. If yours is judged the best, you will get the trophy for 1910. If you succeed again next year or the year following, the trophy will become your property for all time. In other words, you must produce the best ear of corn two different years.

There will be no restrictions. Any man, woman or child belonging to the Association can enter. It will be open to every state in the Union. Professor Holden will judge the corn particularly on the basis of quality. The growing of more corn per acre is one object of the award, but the main purpose of the founder of the trophy is for

Increasing the Quality of Corn Used in Making Kellogg's
TOASTED CORN FLAKES

Many people think we have reached the point of perfection in Toasted Corn Flakes as it now is. Perhaps we have. If you haven't tried it, begin your education in "good things to eat" today. All grocers have it.

THE GENUINE
Corn Flakes
has this
Signature *N.K. Kellogg*

KELLOGG TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

STARTED THE TEARS AFRESH

Thoughtless Act of Little Eben That Reminded Sorrowful Widow of Her Loss.

Mr. Jefferson had not been altogether an exemplary husband and father, but he possessed certain engaging qualities which secured him many friends and made his death the cause of sincere mourning to his widow.

"Miss' Jefferson, she's done broke up over Eben's being took off'n 'r pneumony," said one of the neighbors.

"She sutt'nly is," said another. "Mournin' round de house all de time, she goes. Why, day befo' yist'day I was tar helpin' 'er, an' she only stop cryin' once, an' dat was to spank little Eben for takin' m' mousen out'n de jug right into m' mouf when 'er back was turned."

"When she spanked him good an' set him down, she say to me: 'He makes me t'ink ob his pa so much I cya'n't bear it!' an' bus' right out cryin' agin.'"—Youth's Companion.

YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK.

She—Yes, they are engaged. I know she refused him twice, but the third time he proposed she accepted him.



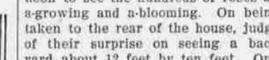
Her Husband—Served him right.

A CITY CLERK'S GARDEN.

A city clerk never misses a chance of expatiating on his garden to his colleagues, who, however, were never taken home to see it, but were under the impression it was of enormous size. Five of them resolved to have a look at it, discovered his address, and called one Saturday afternoon to see the hundreds of roses all agrowing and ablooming. On being taken to the rear of the house, judge of their surprise on seeing a back yard about 12 feet by ten feet. One bold spirit ventured that it was not very big.

"Big!" replied the proud owner, pointing to the sky. "Why, man, alive, look at the height of it!"—Chicago Daily Socialist.

A LONG WAY BACK.



George—There's Miss Passay. She claims she's never been kissed.

Harry—Why, I've kissed her myself, years ago. She means not since she can remember.

AND THE OLD MAN GRINNED.

"Duke," said the heiress, eagerly, "did you see father?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"We talked about the weather."

"What? Lose your nerve again? Why don't you brace up and talk like a man—a subject of a king on whose domain the sun never sets!"

"Can't," moaned the duke. "All the time I was in my father's office he kept grinning at a big painting."

"What painting?"

"The battle of Bunker Hill."

CROP GROWING ON SMALL SCALE.

A small holder in East Lexham is making an interesting experiment in barley growing upon his land to test the possibility of raising corn on a small scale. In 1907 he sowed 78 specially selected grains of barley, which yielded 400 ears. The resulting kernels he sowed in 1908 and harvested in 14 weeks, with the result that he got a bushel of threshed barley, which he has sown this year, his object being to show what can be done in cereal cultivation from very small beginnings.—London Standard.

HEPHESS.

Tom—I tell you, old man, Miss Gabble certainly has got a pile of money. Why don't you propose to her?

Dick—I've started to do it several times.

Tom—What's the matter? Lose your courage?

Dick—No, but I'm never able to get a word in edgewise.—Catholic Standard and Times.

CHAMBERLAIN'S 10c PURE EXTRACTS, and Mamma's Pure Phosphate Baking Powder are Pure and Unadulterated, containing only those substances recognized and endorsed by the U. S. Government. At all Grocers. F. B. CHAMBERLAIN CO., St. Louis, Mo.

EVERY ONE SHOULD CONSIDER HIMSELF ENTRUSTED NOT ONLY WITH HIS OWN CONDUCT, BUT WITH THAT OF OTHERS.

Silence is indeed golden to those who are paid to keep quiet.

HIS PLEASURE A LATE ONE.

Probably Mr. Hogan Did Not Realize Just What Might Be Made of His Expression.

Casey was dead, and to do honor to him the members of the Thirteenth district Tammany organization attended the funeral in a body, says the New York Press. Slowly and sadly they filed past the coffin and took a last look at their departed comrade. At the door each man paused to shake hands with the sorrowful widow and to murmur a few words of condolence. When it came to Mr. Hogan's turn, he retained possession of her hand, while he delivered a lengthy oration concerning the good qualities of the deceased Mr. Casey.

"Sure, 'tis plain you knew my husband well, sir," said the tearful Mrs. Casey.

"Only by sight, ma'am, only by sight," Mr. Hogan hastened to explain. "I never had the pleasure of meeting him 'til to-day."

Laudry' work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

"TO ORIENT."

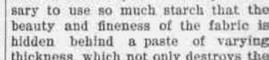
Primarily and as its etymology shows the verb to orient means to set an object in exact adjustment to the east, thence by a natural corollary to set it true with all the cardinal points of the compass. Then in the derivative and topical signification it is used to describe the attitude of a mind duly adjusted to any standard of knowledge, morals or life.

NOT HER FAULT.

"It is the duty of every man and woman to be married at the age of 32," said the lecturer.

"Well," said a woman of 30, with some asperity, "you needn't tell me that. Talk to the man."

WITH A JAR OF



ECZEMA, IMPETIGO, HERPES, SCALD HEAD, ERYTHEMA, URTICARIA, Eruptions, Scalds.

NETTLE RASH, RING WORM, ITCHING, BURNS, CHAFING, ABRASIONS.

RESINOL

In the house you have a quick, certain remedy for all kinds of Skin Diseases. A few applications will relieve the worst case of itching piles.

50 cts. a Jar of all Druggists, or sent direct on receipt of price. RESINOL CHEMICAL COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

Resinol Medicated Shaving Stick makes shaving easy.

USE THE BEST



USE THE BEST

FAULTLESS STARCH

FOR LAUNDRY WORK

FOR SHIRTS COLLARS CUFFS AND FINE LINEN

You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA CREOLE" HAIR RESTORER. PRICE \$1.00. Retail.